

The ADAMS FAMILY

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WYCOMBE WANDERERS FANZINE

The **ADAMS FAMILY**

P.O. BOX 394, HIGH WYCOMBE, BUCKS HP13 6HT

Welcome to the eighteenth issue of The Adams Family and also to the new football season. Judging on our pre-season friendlies the next few months should be a very exciting prospect with Desouza looking red hot and Brownie invincible. We would like to welcome Alan Smith as the new Blues Supremo and offer him our hand of peace, we are not a malicious fanzine and all personal jibes are very much tongue-in-cheek. Thank you all for purchasing our humble rag at the new extortionate fee of sixty pence. As most of you know T.A.F. has been priced at fifty pence for the last three years despite five rises in printing costs. However this summers price hitch has finally crippled our socialist intentions and forced us to suck the big corporate one. Obviously we will endeavour to raise the quality and number of issues this season to make up for this bombshell. Anyway happy reading and good luck for the new season lads!

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CONTENTS:

2 - Editorial

3 - Terrace Tattle

6 - Pre-Season Diary - A look back at the stories from our most exciting pre-season ever!

9 - Summer Season - A look at sport throughout the summer.

12 - Seymour's Super

Facts - TAF's tragic bore returns once again.

13 - Martin O'Neill -

Portrait of a saint

14 - Goodbyes - The faces that have been given the pre-season "spanish archer".

17 - Introducing The Team - Your boys in blue.

19 - Comment - Discussing the spiralling costs of limp talent.

21 - What The Hell Is

Going On - A well respected fan has his say.

22 - Nylon Nightmare -

A young lady mocks us footy fans.

23 - WWISC - Your chance to join Bob Officers' barmy army.

24 - With Or Without

You - Wing wizard Dave Carroll pours out his heart to TAF.

26 - Whinging Devils -

The price of success?

28 - WDC - Loyal supporter??!

TERRACE TATTLE

Good afternoon one and all and welcome to the Tattle, I trust you won't feel let down.

At last we have something interesting to talk about from the barren summer months when nothing ever happens at WWFC. I've always believed Wycombe to be the most tedious club to support during the close season, as they never sign anyone for cash until the season is at least four months old. Now I know a cheeky free transfer is as good as anything, just look at our heroic right back, but in these days of madly inflated fees it has made Wycombe fans seem very poor relations indeed.

I'm sick of going to work and being asked by colleagues if Wycombe have signed anyone yet and only being able to reply that we haven't for the last 100 years so don't hold your breath. When the quality Sunday Papers are full of Tennis, Cricket and features on whether Torvill and Dean fancy each other; a small inclusion in the 'This weeks transfers' column can do wonders for ones morale.

So take note Mr. Smith, next year we want to see millions spent in the summer months.

But of course it is the arrival of the most ridiculously suntanned man since Nicky Evans that has grabbed the attention this summer, and made it somewhat easier for myself and my fellow TAF'rs to compile our 18th issue. At last you may here some new thoughts and maybe some new gags, but don't hold your breath.

One of our young scribes managed to gatecrash the press conference by pretending to be the personal assistant of "London Tonight's" professional egomaniac and part time sports reporter Nick Clark. Apparently Alan Parry was on the sort of frenzied form not witnessed since THAT performance on the pitch before the Altrincham trophy semi, when introducing the lad himself. Even Ivor was rumoured to be smiling, that is when he wasn't dishing out hard stares to our man on the spot. Although not confirmed I'm sure Alan Hutchinson was lording it about with his mobile phone, probably recording an interview with a member of the bar staff to put on the Blues line before telling us who the new gaffer is.

Naturally any decent man or woman could not wait for the new season to start, so despite being slated by various saddoes whose knowledge of Gods own game can be encompassed in

one word, Gazza, I took the day off to accompany a couple of young friends to the first friendly at Poole.

How I laughed when the day arrived and all those who had belittled the taking of a day off for a mere friendly, were forced to work in 90 degrees heat whilst I ate Cadburys 99 flakes and soaked up the sun on Bournemouth beach. The only drawback was watching the match and travelling home with sand lodged in every possible orifice, surely in this day and age someone could invent a pair of Speedo's with a forcefield acting against sand.

It was good to see all the usual faces at this match, including a well known super fan who appeared to be waiting for the team with an autograph book in hand. Now there's nothing wrong with the kids getting autograph's but a man aged 30 something grovelling round positively Z list celebrities (no offence chaps) is as sad as going up the Orchard to see Pat Sharp play Wham medley's and 'Boom Boom' by the Outhere Brothers. How do I know what he plays up there ? Er, someone told me, honest !

Mind you I did get a little thrill when I saw the man Smith emerging from his rather impressive Jag, I ask you ladies and gents, is this the new James

Bond.

The game itself was quite a treat to with impressive displays all round, except from ex Arsenal, Celtic and Swansea (!!!) 'Legend' Martin Hayes who proved himself to be the worst pre season trialist since George Asthanou. (A tall task I'm sure those of you who saw the Greek God in action will agree).

The pre season's are all dealt with elsewhere in this issue so its time to move on.; and where better than onto the new look Blues News.

When I heard that the Blues News was coming out as part of the new Wycombe free rag 'The Leader' I thought it was quite a good idea, as not everyone can be bothered to buy the BFP and it'll get into peoples houses whether they want it or not. However having seen the first issue I'm none too sure, It looks awful and is littered with errors - in fact its probably worse than early issues of this fanzine !

Secondly, I can't say anything about issue 2 because I haven't received "The Leader" for two weeks now. Its all very well having it delivered into everyone's houses, but this clearly isn't happening and if the club takes this medium as a serious way of communicating with the fans it ought to start by at least letting us get a look at it !

One crisis that no-one seems to have pointed out is the demise of Alan Hutchinson's co commentators for his 1170 match coverage. What will the Rupert Murdoch of Adams Park do without Lee 'The voice of radio' Turnbull, David 'Pieman' Titterton and Simon 'Black Grape' Hutchinson ? Don't forget that Nicky Reid has gone too and I'm sure that Tim Langford must have buggered off by now so who is there for king of crockery to turn to ? If you really get stuck Alan our egos are probably big enough.

Still the message is clear enough, If you want to stay at Wycombe leg it when Alan H. offers you the chance to broadcast.

On a rather sadder note I regret to announce that TAF is no longer able to boast its proud catchphrase "Inflation free at 50p, The Adams Family". Due to a shortage of paper all around the world the price has risen dramatically, and therefore we are forced to raise our prices to enable us to eat. We are truly sorry about adding to the ever increasing cost of a day at the football, but its out of our hands so blame it on one of the following

A) John Major's weak and indecisive leadership.

B) The move to a United Europe

C) Bill Clinton's deadlock with

the Republican controlled senate
D) The contributors of TAF wishing to retire from their day jobs and end up living in Switzerland as wealthy tax exiles on the strength of that price increase.

or E) The pound's weak showing against the Franc

ONLY YOU CAN DECIDE !!!!!!!
P.s Beware of wasps in this uncouth heat, especially when wearing baggy shorts. At Oxford City I was horrified to discover a jasper crawling up towards the old wedding tackle. A sting in this area could be a trifle embarrassing on arrival at the local casualty department.

PRE SEASON DIARY

26th May: No sooner has the season finished than O'Neill has been linked with several managerial positions in the local and national press. Most noticeable and hyped seems to be the Norwich one. Meanwhile O'Neill talks about signing Messrs. Garland and Skiverton both of who impressed on loan last season. Meanwhile Reid, Langford and Titterton are "booted out" whilst the futures of Cyrille and Super Si are looking a bit dicey.

2nd June: The F.A tell Wycombe to get more seats if they are to continue in the current division. However the Blues have recently announced plans for a Woodlands stand, which is certainly overdue. All we need now is for the council to mince about for another two years like they did with the training pitch! And who can remember that great visionary Brian Lee-claiming that a 6,000 capacity ground would be more than adequate for a club like Wycombe in Loakes Park days. A positive soothsayer I'm sure you'll agree.

9th June: Hemmo in dock shock, or as the BFP puts it "Hemmings shoots himself in foot" - what with an uzi? No apparently our Tone has been put on the transfer list for being two times over the limit driving Thommo's car, and ensuing in a ruck with a rozzar. He is fined two weeks wages. Thommo and Reid are also fined for breaching the clubs code of conduct....whatever that might be. O'Neill talk is still rife in the daily papers.

13th June: Shite! He's gone. News has just come onto London Tonight that O'Neill has been confirmed as the new Norwich gaffer. I guess it was inevitable but I'm still ruddy shocked.....

The Midweek is still talking about Hemmo and Thommo's antics. The mighty Bob Officer of the WWFC Independent Supporters Club (There's another plug mate..thats 2 you owe us) reckons that the club have made a good stand. On the other hand one loony fan claims he'll never set foot in Adams Park again if Hemmo and Thommo are flogged. Sounds like a bit of bravado to me. What do TAF think of it? Well I think Hemmo's a bit of a star on his day, and Thommo's not a bad old sort....yeah let them stay.

14th June: Rumours are afoot that Emlyn Hughes is spotted at Adams Park. However he can't scream "we've got to bring on Bully" like he did in the 1990 World Cup, as the "great" Lee Turnbull has been flogged to glamour club Scunthorpe United for £14,000.

16th June: The BFP speculates that the new manager could be Alan Smith, the ex-Palace boss. Lets face it it could be any old sod at this moment in time. "The Leader" a new paper on the Wycombe scene sheds new light on the Hemmo tale, claiming that Tony had a fight in some stinging nettles. Lets hope he found a dock leaf afterwards.

Poor old Chuck Moussadik. Just when he thought he could cash in on his stunning Wembley Fives performance with a summer season with a team in Dallas, fate lands a cruel blow and denies the Moroccan number one a visa. Altogether now, "ahhhhhhhh".

23rd June: A great piece of propaganda journalism in the BFP, where Claire Nash shows that she (like most Wycombe fans) is gagging for Alan Smith to be the new Wycombe manager. The other pairing of Regis and Garner could still be a possibility.

25th June: Martin O'Neill fails to turn up at a charity cricket match at Penn Street. "Boo, Hiss.....he's shunning us already" bemoan the local public.

26-29th June: Rumour has it that WWFC are to announce a new manager on Thursday morning. Alan Smith and Cyrille Regis are the favourites, whilst one geezer reliably informs me that those "in the know" are putting their money on Sammy Macilroy. Thanks but no thanks if its all the same.

29th June: Your TAF scribe manages to waltz into the press conference where various grinning presidents and directors mingle amongst journalists from all over the shop. Alan Parry looking suitably tanned, no doubt fresh from one of his round the world jaunts, picks up the mic and gives a bit of blarney, before announcing the new manager.....MR ALAN SMITH. Cue to much whooping and a general feeling of joy. Alan strolls in clutching onto a Wanderers training top which he has just purchased. This was a great sight to behold, and suddenly Martin O'Neill was far, far away. Well a couple of hundred miles anyway.

3rd July: The first crop of apprentices start training today. Lets just hope that Simon Garner doesn't corrupt them by taking them for a jog down to the Hourglass. Kids, do you really want to end up like this man?

5th July: The first team returns to training at Bisham Abbey in what is to be a month of inhumane heat. Roll on the pre-season friendlies.

20th July: A baking hot day and here we are at the home of Poole Town. I'm looking forward to a nice lush pitch and a good solid start for the Blues. Well it was a good start, we won 5-0, but the pitch wasn't fit for cows to graze on. In an area that resembled a nuclear testing site, and playing against a team who looked game to break a few legs, Wycombe equipped themselves very well. A special note goes out to Tony Hemmings who played as if his life depended on it. This "Steve Brown school of football" attitude is good to see, and it seems as though our new manager is all for it.

25th July: Home to Ipswich Town, complete with lumbering oaf/ sex pest Lee Chapman. Mark Austin starts off the season with his own two fingered salute to Martin O'Neill by signing up a team of parachutists. On the pitch a creditable 2-2 draw sees the dream team forward line of McGavin and Desouza link up for a fabulous second goal.

29th July: In what can only be described as some of the most uncouth footballing conditions ever, Wycombe's great form continues with a 3-0 victory over Oxford City.

1st August: Simon Hutchinson and Glynn Creaser are given free transfers, Alan Smith noticing like the rest of us that their best moments were in the GMVC. Simon Garner is offered a years contract, which is great news for everyone. One of the most popular players at the club, Smith has claimed that he can help him to kick the booze and fags. Apart from closing down every pub and off-licence in the country, I wonder what Mr. Smith has up his sleeve in order to achieve this one. Maybe he could let us know?

Other talk includes the possible signing of Aston Villa defender/midfielder Bryan Small, who was viewed as a hot talent a couple of years back. Unfortunately as I submit this article I am none the wiser as to the likelihood of Bryan saying "yes".

Also ex- Bristol Rovers stalwart Paul Hardyman has signed for a year, having looked reasonably sharp in pre-season, and obviously impressing "the gaffer". The great start continues with a 2-1 victory over Southampton, who fielded a full strength side. Super Mig showed that he was as good as Matt Le Tissier, both scoring stunning goals in the first half. A special mention goes out to Paul Hyde, who looks like a positive beanpole compared with last year. If any away fans call you a Fat Bastard this season you can merely laugh at them. A strappingly good physique, I'm sure you'll agree ladies?

2nd August: And as the pre-season comes to a close and the start of the real football is nigh upon us I leave the diary with what was WWFC's first ever open day. The only place out of bounds was Jim Gardner's lush turf. I dare say many cheesy photos of Alan Smith (equipped with flashers mac) will be appearing in the BFP this Friday.

Well, all in all I think we'll all agree that 1995 has seen possibly the most intriguing pre-season ever known in the history of Wycombe Wanderers.

eight

SUMMER SEASON

Although Summer is usually a time barren of football viewing (national tournaments excluding) I decided to plonk my butt in front of the TV and check out what the rest of the sporting world had to offer in the summer of 1995. A lack of Sky TV in my household meant that opportunities to see Don King's "Hendrix-like" afro were few and far between, but there was indeed plenty of fare for your average armchair cabbage - and here is my selection of it.

So where to start? Well how about cricket. I can't deny to being a stout fan of the sport, and what a joy it is that the BBC (Boycott, Benaud and Co.) still retain the rights to show the full days test-match play, although frequently I turned on to see Eve Pollard popping out of her dress at Ascot, hardly a treat I'm sure you'll agree. And the cricket? Well, I think we're going to whip the Windies in the last two tests. However now that Robin Smith has virtually lost an eye courtesy of yet another vicious bouncer by Courtney Walsh, could that mean the return of that lumbering goon Graham Hick?OK I've changed my mind.

Whilst we're on cricket has anyone caught David Gower's Cricket Monthly on BBC2. Now here is one man who has certainly aged before his time. It seems as if poor old Dave has been stuck in a time machine and whisked forward thirty years or so. If you ask me I think he could now pass as Richie Benauds' slightly younger brother (yes, even Dave has managed to perfect that cock-eyed glare at the camera).

Any golf fans out there? I'm sure there are. So who saw the recent victory in the Open by that complete fat turnip John Daly. I can't stand the way that the papers make Daly out to be an absolute hero. A reformed alcoholic and drug addict, in any other sport he'd be an outcast. Imagine David Platt going on a bender of crack washed down with the odd bottle of Jack Daniels? The man would never play football again. So why is John Daly a great character? Perhaps its because golfers are so boring, and the only other tale that the media can dream

about is that one day they might find Nick Faldo having a saucy sex session in the bunker with his lovely (?) caddy Fanny whatever-her-name-is. Dream on Sun readers.

Motor Racing has been fairly entertaining this summer. Nigel Mansell couldn't handle the fact that he was on the starting grid behind such legends as, er, Ruebens Barichello and the pure fact of the matter that he couldn't get his fat arse in the drivers seat. So he bottled it, probably with a cool £5 million stuffed into his bank account. Now Damon Hill is another bloke altogether. In the true British sporting tradition, he hates Germans. Especially cheating hun like Schumacher. How Hill has refrained from smashing that champagne bottle on this smug geek's head I'll never know, probably because he hasn't featured on the winners podium for a little while... What's more Hill's team mate, the oily Scotsman David Coulthard, has defied logic by managing to get an oval shaped helmet over his oblong jaw. This is surely a feat in itself, defying any physical law ever written.

I haven't managed to catch much athletics this year, but I've been aware of the headlines in the papers. Firstly I've been shocked by brit triple-jumper Jon Edwards constant world records, coming after a career of only modest jumps. Of course the lazy tabloids never fail to mention that Edwards is a "born again christian" and that obviously this must all be down to divine intervention. However I reckon the lad's been visiting the various music festivals across the country and doing a few herbal E's.

Let's talk for a minute about Colin Jackson, the 110 metres hurdler who is cashing in on every opportunity to race for big money, yet shunning the great British public, where he gets paid practically nothing. His excuse is that he's injured. However recently he missed the national championships through "injury", only to be racing the next evening at some highly paid event in Europe. Personally couldn't give a monkeys if he ran on the moon, but if I was an athletics fan I'd be a little bit gutted, indeed the words "big" and "ego"

immediately spring to mind. What's more we're talking about a man whose business company (which he shares with fellow bed-wetter Linford Christie) is called "nuff respect". Oh dear! Do I detect a hint of the use of late 80's terminology to try and be cred with the kids, Colin?

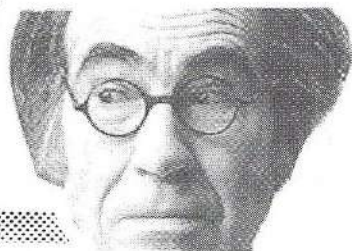
Whilst talking of athletics, surely one of the highlights of the year was the woeful sight that was Linford blubbing on Sport In Question. Linford claimed that he was being hounded by the press for all the wrong reasons (i.e. his "lunchbox") whilst the lamentable Chris Eubank continually ranted and raved in his usual senseless fashion. "So what if the man has large testicles", he lisped, whilst the rest of the viewers merely creased up with laughter.

Indeed a more sinister sight on ITV's sporting answer to Question Time was Eric Hall, agent to the stars and all round general pillock. How Harry Redknapp kept his cool was amazing as Eric spouted forth his views on football and defended the pomposity that is the Premier League. "It's the monster truth", he said about 200 times, and generally came across as perhaps the most obnoxious man I have ever seen, or indeed heard. I just trust that there aren't any Wycombe players on his books.

So that was about it. Obviously there were other moments. Jonah Lomu single handedly destroying Carling's men brought forth cheers from some of the rugby hating TAF crew. Whilst perhaps the cheesiest man ever seen at Wimbledon, true Brit Mr. Greg Rusedski, had scores of young girls gagging for his assortment of greasy headbands/sweatbands. Greg being the ultimate pro duly obliged.

So as the summer comes to its close, all eyes focus on the multi-seasonal feast that is football as it returns to parks and stadiums all over the country. Many of us will be clocking up obscene mileage as we scour the country to follow our footballing idols. All that's left to say is welcome back to you all, the wait is over.

SEYMOUR'S SUPER FACTS



Hi trivia fans. It's me again, Seymour Crumbleberry, your resident fact filled football bore. In my endless quest for soccer trivia I have unearthed some real gems which I would like to share with you.

For example, how many of you could say you knew that King Carol(I) of Romania selected the 1930 World Cup squad and even pardoned all outstanding football offences? Well you can now. I bet if you were asked you couldn't name the man credited with inventing shinguards. Well, it was one Sam Widdowson, a Notts Forest player who invented this essential part of a footballer's equipment in 1874.

Someone recently asked me the final score of the 1967 Swiss cup final. Imagine his surprise when I informed him there was no final score but Basle won by default after their opponents walked off the pitch.

Now time for a Seymour Crumbleberry weather warning. Be careful when playing in thunderstorms. In 1967 Tommy Alden of Highgate United was struck by lightning in a game against Enfield.

As Wycombe supporters most of you would have visited Wembley in the last few years but how many of you knew that Wembley cost £750,000 to build in 1922 (that's more then 3 Wembleys for 1 Kevin Campbell). A quarter of a million tons of clay had to be dug out to create the bowl of the stadium. The construction required the use of 25,000 tons of concrete, 600 tons of reinforcing rods, 1500 tons of steel girders and 500,000 rivets to build the stands. Now that's what I call fascinating.

As it's the first game of the season I have a little treat for you. This may not be a football fact but did you know that Giraffes clean their ears with their tongues. Nature, it's a crazy world readers.

MARTIN O'NEILL

To be frank, it's almost impossible to know where to start a tribute to our former manager, such is the vast number of things that can be solely credited to him.

When he arrived Wycombe was a club going backwards. After years of being a giant in the minuscule pond of football that was the Isthmian league, Wycombe had managed to scale the dizzy heights of the GMVC under Jim Kelman, only to chronically underachieve the following season. Having been shamed in the first round of the F.A. Trophy by the Metropolitan Police, Kelman was relieved of the top job and O'Neill appointed soon after.

His first task was to stop the slide back into the Isthmian, after all what would have happened if the first year at Adams Park had coincided with this low standard of football?

Over the next five seasons Martin O'Neill presided over two F.A Trophy victories, promotion to Division 3 as champions, promotion to Division 2 via the play-offs as well as countless other successes, which although smallfry compared with the above, would have been minor miricale's had they been forseen by those of us who almost wet ourselves on appearing at the Berks and Bucks cup final.

Maybe the time was right for Martin O'Neill to move on, for both himself and for Wycombe Wanderers. Despite all the success there were always plenty of people who weren't satisfied. There were those who thought that the style of Wycombe's play left a lot to be desired, and maybe they had a point. The national media's myth that Martin O'Neill's Wycombe were a truly attractive footballing outfit was often a fallacy, but it was a side that relentlessly and consistently achieved results, and I defy anyone to say they prefer an attractive side that always loses to a more functional outfit that wins.

If Martin O'Neill finally became sick of the whingers of Adams Park then who can blame him, one only had to witness the ameoba brained cretins who decided to share their pathetic thoughts with the rest of us via the local rag to have some idea of the annoyance he must have sometimes felt.

No-one can tell how things will work out but I'm sure the appointment of Alan Smith will enable us to keep building as a club. But just remember, Smith wouldn't have touched this club with a bargepole if it had still been a GMVC underachiever, as I'm sure it could have been without the guidance of O'Neill.

The country at large found out about Wycombe thanks to him and henceforth so did top players. Remember a few years ago when Wycombe failed in a bid to sign Runcorn's Mark Carter? He decided not to come here as it was too far to travel; a month later he signed for Barnet, a club just 20 miles away. If a player faced the same choice again there wouldn't even be a contest.

I wish Martin O'Neill all the best at Norwich and will be thankful for what he did here, until he comes back to steal any of our team, then I will hate him!

ADIEU, AU REVOIR, AUF WIEDERSEHEN, SAYONARA

New manager, new players and a new culture at Wycombe during close season, meant it almost inevitable that some of the old hands would be farmed out to seek new pastures. Alan Smith's instant dedication, some might say obsession, with fitness and solid defence, must have sent a shudder down stalwart Creaser's spine, and sure enough, the big man was one of no less than seven players offered the chance to seek fame and fortune elsewhere. Bargain hunters from the lower leagues are likely drawing up contracts as we speak for people such as.....

Cyrille Regis: MO'N surprised a lot of people by releasing Big C. after a mixed season for the ex-England striker. A superb start resulted in several often match-winning goals from Cyrille, but a barren spell plus injuries after Crimbo restricted his appearances. A TAF favourite to take the management reigns at Adams Park, Chester City have been willing to take him to their bosom and will doubtless benefit greatly from his goalscoring prowess and undeniable experience.

Playing Record: 38 Apps., 10 Goals.

Lasting Memory: Cyrille's superb goal at Orient (for me the goal of the season).

Glyn Creaser: Another potential candidate for the Wycombe Top Dog spot, Crease must have surely have seen the writing on the wall (from a playing perspective) when Smithy showed up. Having passed on all his tactical guile and defensive trickery to his now fully-fledged understudy Sir Matt "Baresi" Crossley, his job at Wycombe was effectively complete. Despite a superb last couple of appearances, Crease's years got the better of him, and he never looked the same player after his industrial injury - that'll teach him to play dodgems at work. All the best, Glyn, from all at TAF.

Playing Record: 261 Apps., 22 Goals.

Lasting Memory: His cracking header and celebration vs. West Brom in the F.A. Cup.



Simon Hutchinson: A loyal Wycombe servant and one of Martin's first signings, Simon rarely in his five years at Adams Park fulfilled the potential expected of an ex-Man. Utd. youngster. Hardly a Nicky Butt, but nonetheless had the ability to waltz past full-backs with seemingly little effort when on song, plus deliver a decent cross now and then. A coy lad from Sheffield, with boyish good looks and legs that made the ladies look twice, a career marketing sportswear for one-footed people certainly beckons.

Playing Record: 145 Apps., 15 Goals.

Lasting Memory: His 40 second cameo in the 1991 F.A. Trophy Final.



Tim Langford: Like Hutchy, I was always keen on wee Timmy but again he often flattered to deceive - superb close ball skills and explosive pace, I always felt he should have been given more of a chance on the wing, where he invariably proved far too quick for most 3rd Div. mules. TAF hopes his career will continue to flourish elsewhere, and that his young lad overcomes leukaemia as soon as possible.

Playing Record: 60 Apps., 18 Goals.

Lasting Memory: Scaling the fence at Leyton Orient having scored a cracking last minute goal.



Dave Titterton: "Soapy", as TAF liked to remember him (think about it), the savoury-pastry loving full-back from the Midlands was one of Wycombe's saddest close season releases. Never appeared to be one of Martin's favoured ones, and this coupled with a dodgy knee and a slightly portly corporation (although this has never stopped Manatee Hyde as yet), has meant that Dave will have to ply his trade elsewhere. Rumour has it though, he has headed North to become a Trappist monk in the Outer Hebrides, as he got sick of hormone-frenzied young females mistaking him for Damon from Blur.

Playing Record: 27 Apps., 1 Goal.

Lasting Memory: Constantly taking the piss out of linesmen, plus his standing ovation from Hereford fans when he returned there.



Nicky Reid: A good but hardly great player at Wycombe, Nicky rarely turned in a poor display, but was never of the consistent high quality of Mr. Stapleton (No, stoppit, before I wet meself.....!!! - Ed.) to secure a regular place. Still good for a

couple more years of League football I feel sure.

Playing Record: 14 Apps., 0 Goals.

Lasting Memory: Performing an impromptu moonie in a pub car-park in Chorleywood in front of several admiring but drunk females.

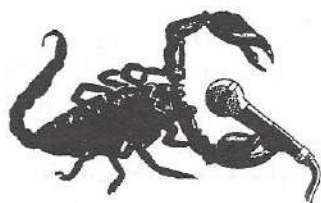
Lee Turnbull: Equally at home as a dynamic midfielder or a better-than-average striker, Bully suffered from a distinct lack of favouritism from MO'N. Like Reidy, he never let the side down, and should in all honesty have played in place of Trusty Stapes when he developed his 'rough patch' - doctors are in fact still treating Simon's nasty bout of eczema (Bob Monkhouse medical gag). Here's hoping Scunthorpe benefit from his abundant talents.

Playing Record: 14 Apps., 2 Goals.

Lasting Memory: Subtly taking the slash most weeks when asked to help Alan "Telecomms." Hutchinson out with expert analysis of away matches.

A fond TAF farewell to all these ex-Wanderers who must have enjoyed being at a club in the most upwardly-mobile era of its history.

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INTRODUCING THE TEAM

With the Saturday ritual ready to start again, the new kit bought and new autographs to collect we're all set for the new chapter. We all have our favourites whether it be Garner, Ryan or Brown (by the way kid's it should be Brown) and the pre season friendlies have proved we're ready for the best. So for the odd soul out there who needs a re-cap on the 95/96 league champions, below is a little reminder of who you will be paying to see

PAUL HYDE: The king of the sticks has had a summer break unlike any other. Out with the jellied eels and battered spam fritters and in with apples, oranges and Vit C drinks. This is certainly what his new slimline appearance suggests. Paul has been mentioned by the local press to be a possibility for Reading. This would be a blow for the club if it happened but, if not, Paul will just have to play another blinding season with us. A gritty performer and crowd pleaser the only sad change for Paul over the summer months is his new outlandish keepers top. Give it away to Reading Paul, it's crap

CHUCK MOOO-SA DICK: Not sure about this one. In all honesty the chances of Chuck wearing the new top are slim while Hydey's still here. Never mind mate great 5-a-side keeper, want to join a team.

SIR MATT CROSSLEY: The best football of this guru's life is in store. A TAF favourite and Italian prince Matthew has passed many expectations and is now set to pass his own, we love you Matty.

TERRY EVANS: Captain marvel will be back, that we will assure you. When however is another story. Not taking part in the friendly means footballing form after present injury not known. We're all routing for you Chief.

PAUL HARDYMAN: First new lad of the season has looked very good. Enjoys joining the attack and has a sweet left foot. Bristol will realise in May they made a huge mistake.

JASON COUSINS: Ruddy marvellous. He has curbed his youthful enthusiasm and now plays intelligent football. One for the ladies, he has bared his butt in both home pre season games. What a stud.

DAVID CARROLL: Still on the rebound of Martin's departure, David is quietly brandishing bad feelings towards Ivor for not paying Martin enough to stay. Having said that it will only be a matter of week's before Jesus departs for Carrow Road to settle down in his new love nest. Have a top season Davie-boy, see you in 96.

STEVE 'THE DOG'S XXXXXX' BROWN: Nothing can stop this terminator now. He has just got better and better over the last year and is so fit he now fancies his chances in the 100 with Linford, presuming Linford bothers to turn up. Steve, show them what you can do and stay blue.

MICKEY BELL: Originally the replacement for Guppy Mickey now plays the position in his own right. Still young some cracking goals will flow this season. Give us your best Mickey and you may even get a front cover.

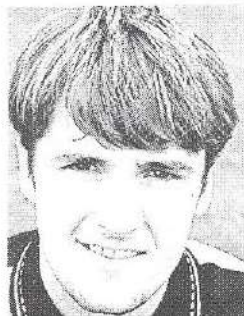
KEITH RYAN: Keith we can not wait to see you back in the team, fight that injury and the midfield role you play so well is yours. Just tell Alan we said so. Good luck to Wycombe's own Golden Boy.

MIGUEL DEZOUSA: What can I say, the bee's knee's this one. Never take your eye off him as he's likely to do something you'll miss. Astounding in front of goal he has linked with McGavin better than a daisy chain. It will be a struggle to keep this lad so promotion is an absolute must.

STEVE MCGAVIN: Has changed the way Wycombe play in recent games. He's a genius at taking defenders with him allowing Miguel space. Good vision and great first touch. Every place will be fought for but you must be quietly confident Steve.

SUPER SIMON GARNER: A true pro who know's he will have to fight for his place. Showing no ego he has risen to this challenge and is enjoying his football (well he would he plays for us). If you can be Blackburn's top scorer and a diamond at Wycombe why change your winning formula. I say improve it, smoke 80 fags a day Si and then we'll be impressed.

For those of you not mentioned it's up to you to do something about it. As the great James Brown said, "get up and do your thing".



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What is happening to the English transfer market? In recent seasons transfer fees have been going through the roof. Football has become such big business club chairman think nothing of splashing out £8.5m for a player like Stan Collymore. I have nothing against Collymore, I think he's a great player but £8.5m for a player who has had only one season in the Premier league is a bit hard to justify. Kevin Keegan came under fire for selling Andy Cole for £8m but I think perm head got the better deal. Yes, Andy Cole is a fantastic striker but is he really worth eight Eric Cantonas? It just seems clubs don't pay what a player is worth but how much their rivals can't afford. Few Premier league players will move for less than £1m yet three or four years ago only one in ten was "worth" that. Football seems to have it's own economy with an ever increasing rate of inflation. Trevor Francis was England's first £1m player and that was over fifteen years ago. In that time the transfer record had increased by 859%.

It has long been a case of the rich clubs getting richer while the poor clubs get poorer but if clubs like Blackburn, Liverpool, Arsenal, Newcastle and Man Utd can throw around the sort of money they do what chance have the

likes of QPR, Coventry and Wimbledon got? They may make money by selling the likes of Ferdinand and Barton for (in my opinion) over the top prices but most of that money has to go into keeping the club afloat.

When the Taylor Report recommended that all Premier league and Division One grounds become all seater the clubs had to find the money to redevelop decrepid and out of date stadiums. Arsenal can hardly be called paupers but they introduced one of the worst PR exercises ever, the North Bank Bond Scheme. Apparently Arsenal couldn't afford to build a new stand out of their own funds so they asked the supporters to fork out for a bond. If you paid £1500 or £1100 you had a seat with your name on it. However, to sit in that seat you still had to buy a season ticket (at a reduced price, how generous). I've sat in the North Bank and it is very impressive but this close season Bruce Rioch has spent £12m on two players. They may be World Class but where did Arsenal suddenly get the money from?

It is expensive to watch Premier league football. The gate receipts must be massive. Then there is the merchandising, catering and TV deals which all adds up to a very healthy revenue.

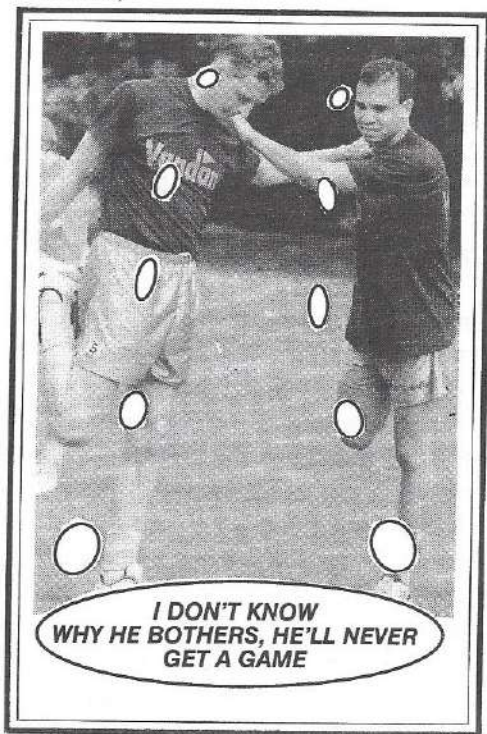
Unfortunately by signing big players you have to pay bigger wages and in order to keep your profits up you have to keep putting the prices up. Small clubs can't afford big names. Kids want to support teams full of stars that win trophies so more and more kids support the big clubs who become richer and richer and have an even greater monopoly on the domestic game.

Another worrying fact is that English clubs increasingly look to the continent for players. German players still cost reasonably less than English players and if you want a real bargain go to Scandinavia. David Ginola has just signed for Newcastle for £2.5m. from Paris Saint Germain. Had he been signed from an English club he would have cost twice that. So if you want a ready made star buy European. Why wait a few years to bring young players through when you can buy a Norwegian international for under £1m? All English clubs, especially the big ones, have a duty to nurture young players. Man Utd and Liverpool have had some success in recent years but the big clubs still find it easier to poach from smaller teams. A lot has been said about how English players are not as technically gifted as their European counterparts (too much has been said, we're not that crap), but if more money was

spent on the development of youngsters instead of buying the finished article maybe we'd see an England captain lift the World Cup again.

It is time the FA sorted out the price of football player's transfer deals, wages and the distribution of wealth in English football. Until then clubs can do what ever they wish. Chairmen know they can charge whatever they want as there are plenty of us fanatical enough to go to every game we can afford and plenty we can't.

Mind you, splashing out can back-fire. Nottingham Forest have just signed Kevin Campbell for £2.5m. Now that really is silly money.



WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON?

What the bloody hell's going on, I mean take this ruddy weather at the moment, its to hot to do anything. What happened to those summers we used to get when it slashed it down with rain and you could comfortably get some kip at night without having to stuff your Y-fronts with ice cubes; I don't know.

Take the other day, I cruised down to Adams park wearing my traditional footballing fashion, a pair of beige Farrah slacks like that great method actor Paul Nicholas wears and a sherbert lemon coloured Pringle golfing sweater to keep out the evening chill. However when I got there and stood on the terrace it was too bloody hot. What the hell's going on Mr. Beeks, get some air conditioning on the terraces you charge us enough to get in. Anyway what the hell's happened to the No Smoking terrace, within five minutes of arriving there's some young lout sparking up and blowing his foul smoke onto my lemon Pringle. I turned round and gave him a right piece of my mind. "Now look here laddie, I didn't stand firm alongside Baden Powell in the Boer conflict, wade through the trenches in the first world war, firebomb Dresden in the second, capture Port Stanley in the Falklands, and hang out with that bloke who wrote 'Bravo Two Zero' in the gulf to have you blow smoke on my lemon Pringle sweater." Unfortunately in the midst of this outrage I missed Matt Le Tissier's stunning goal but he's well overrated, give me an honest pro like Bobby Charlton anyway. Anyway I'd said my piece when to my surprise the young lad replied that he didn't care much at paying £6 for the privilege of inhaling the unsavoury odours emanating from my armpits. Well what the hell can you do about it in this weather? I wont use this new fangled deodorant nonsense, as my good lady wife says "If the good lord had meant us to smell that way we'd have Pot Pourri growing under our arms instead of hair." And how right she is. Talking about the football, what the hell's going on there as well? How dare that Martin O'Neill go and leave us in the lurch like that after all we did for him. Now I always thought he was a crap manager, but you don't ever walk out on a contract, that's dishonourable. Still as my good lady wife says it proves you just can't trust these foreigners, especially the Irish. Just look at that Eammon Holmes for instance. And what the bloody hell is this new bloke Smith all about with his open days and all that "We are all one and the same" nonsense.

Letting ordinary people walk around Adams Park's restricted areas and speak to club figures is just not on. As the good lady wife says the gap between the supporters and those of us in the Vice Presidents is getting uncomfortably close.

Finally what the hell is all this "Veggie Burger" nonsense all about ? Its come as a shock to me to realise that these poofs have started invading our football grounds, from now onwards I'll be standing with my back firmly against the wall. And how can they afford to come here anyway? I'll tell you, Its too easy for them to fiddle the dole these days. As the good lady wife says all those tramps that ruin the view these days make more money from fiddling and begging than I make in an honest day of taxable work as the chairman of a large, recently privatised public utility.

NYLON NIGHTMARE

I realise that my view as a female will be anything but valid to you footie maniacs, but really lads, must you parade your pink and pimply bodies around in your teams latest strip ?

Not only are these shirts made of a type of nylon which frankly in the sort of weather we have been enjoying must make your pits putrid with sweat, but they are also a lurid, technicoloured assault on the eyes.

I fail to see the attraction of strutting around advertising not only your fave team, but also your number one player. Just what sort of self respecting adult would want to wear 7 Cantona on his back, unless by some chance coincidence, his name actually **was** Cantona.

No hang on, I know what kind of man would consider himself the height of cool in his nylon nightmare. The marching gutlord skinhead who 'hangs' in his local, drinkin' lager and smokin' fags. That's who !

This is a tip from a girl lads, (probably the one you bored to death with your tedious footie chat last Saturday) - the only thing that looks worse than a fat skinhead in a footie shirt, is a fat skinhead with no shirt at all.

Any replies will be gratefully received and sent directly to the 'stylish' Jeff Banks at the Clothes Show for expert analysis.



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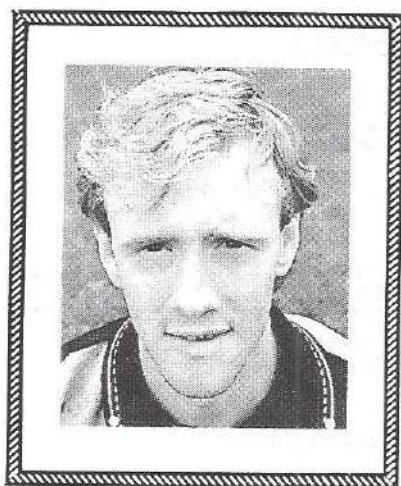
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DO YOU FOLLOW THE BLUES AWAY ?

"WITH OR WITHOUT YOU"

DAVE CARROLL ON LIFE WITHOUT MARTIN



"No comment."

.....Martin O'Neill

June 13th 1995 is a day that will be remembered by most Wycombe fans as a day of sudden surprise, a day when Martin O'Neill was announced as the new puppet of Robert Cha....., er sorry manager of Norwich City. Many would have been saddened, some bewildered, some even angry at the departure of a man who ended the age old tradition of High Wycombe being solely known as the home of 'Pop Idol' Howard Jones.

Few however can have experienced real pain at his departure, maybe

Alan Parry is one of those as he realises that the "We met in the toilets" essay he is so fond of is no longer relevant.

But only ONE man is truly qualified to speak of the pain and betrayal he feels by the departure of the man he trusted. For the first time, Dave Carroll speaks frankly and movingly about his life with, and now without Martin O'Neill.

"To be honest the thing that really hurts is the fact that I was left to find out about it through a news bulletin, I'd have thought we would have discussed such an important move in detail, I truly am as sick as a parrot without the gaffer."

Although Dave was signed by Jim Kelman it was O'Neill who enabled him to become Wycombe's answer to Fred Astaire, a winger with dancing feet who enchanted thousands and broke hearts with equal aplomb.

"In one of my first games for him I'd been taking all the usual jibes from the old men in the cowshed. They

"O'Neill knows he's done wrong."

.....A Close Friend

always said I wasn't a patch on such legends as Neal Stanley and Jozef Blochel and constantly complained

that I couldn't whip in a swift cross like that Jimmy Jacobs could. At half time the gaffer asked me why I looked so miserable and I told him that no-one appreciated my style of play and if that was the case I might as well leave."

But of course Martin O'Neill wasn't about to allow that, and he took Dave to one side and made a big gesture that instantly cemented a bond between the two men.

"He promised me their and then that as long as I kept doing my usual thing I would always find my name on the team sheet and that he would make me the captain. Sadly the latter part never came to fruition

*" I can still hear his
voice urging me on."*

.....Dave Carroll

*after Glyn Creaser heard a rumour on the subject and threatened to 'Beat the s**t out of us."*

The move to Adams Park has, until now, been one of unbridled joy for Dave

" The trouble is time flies when your having fun, and Martin and I certainly had plenty of good times. I think our relationship was best summed up by Martin when he likened it to the special relationship enjoyed by Margaret Thatcher and the U.S. president Ronald Regan, a lot of respect, close friendship but always above board. That's what gets me the most, his departure was all but above board and I can have

no respect for THAT man any longer. We used to share everything but he couldn't even spare a few minutes to explain himself to a man he once called Jesus!"

So now that O'Neill has departed does Dave feel there is anything left for him at Adams Park, and can he perform in a stadium that reminds him so vividly of the shattered, broken ruins of a unique relationship.

"Who can tell, they say time is a great healer but the betrayal is only beginning to sink in at the moment. Sometimes when we're kicking towards the Valley end I hear the voice of Martin urging me on but when I turn round all I see is that new bloke, by which time I've lost the ball and the crowd jeer me. Frankly its all turned full circle so we'll just have to see, at the moment I can't live if living is without him."

Naturally we tried to contact Martin O'Neill but he refused to comment on the subject, however a close friend of the Irishman said, *"He knows he's done wrong, but sometimes you have to make a break regardless of the consequences."*

Fellow team-mates have been quick to offer support for the bewildered winger, players spokesman Simon Garner said, *"The lad'll never be short of a shoulder to cry on, it'll be difficult but Dave's a strong lad and he'll survive."*

It has been a time of turmoil for many associated with Wycombe Wanderers but as the season begins remember one man who feels that he has lost it all as he contemplates life after O'Neill.

"OH YOU WHINGING DEVIL"

Over the past few seasons Wycombe Wanderers football club has been a success story. Since 1990 we have won the FA Trophy, Bob Lord Trophy, been Conference runners up on goal difference, done the non-league double, reached the area final of the Auto-Glass Cup beaten Preston at Wembley in the play-off final and even won two London Fives tournaments.

However, last season just proved that many of Wycombe's "supporters" have been spoiled by success.

Every club has whingers, people who only go to matches to moan and abuse their side. If that's how they get their enjoyment fine, as long as they do it quietly. But oh no, if you stand on the Woodlands Terrace you will hear a constant barrage of abuse and complaints. Last season two blokes behind me spent the whole game screaming in my ears in stereo for Steve Brown to be substituted, shot, hung drawn and quartered or even sold to C*1 U@d. Why? Firstly Steve Brown was the supporters player of the season and quite rightly so. Secondly, did they really think Brown or O' Neill could hear them, or act on their instructions even if they could? What really scaled my mams was the fact that these two miserable buggers completely ruined my enjoyment of the game. It seems that if they couldn't enjoy it they were damned if anyone else was going to. These sort of people

are all too common at football matches, we all do it to a degree, pick on a particular player and claim everything he does is cack, even if he scores, but some people (with a penchant for flat caps and pipes) make a whole career of it.

The major problem at Wycombe is the fact that the recent success has left many people thinking not what great things have been achieved but what we have failed at. Last season was our first in the Second Division, competing against clubs like Birmingham, Huddersfield, Brentford and Oxford. To even be pushing these sides for promotion is another step forward. No mid-table safety or relegation for Wycombe fans to put up with but a season's worth of a promotion campaign. So, we failed. We didn't make the play-offs. So what? Barely anyone thought we would at the beginning of the season anyway. Because we did so well throughout the season falling at the last hurdle was seen by all too many people as failure.

Most of us would say Wycombe's trophy cabinet is half full but there are plenty of whinging bastards out there who would say it is half empty.

I really don't know what these people want out of football. Do they want us to still be languishing mid table in the Conference, maybe that's what they prefer. They used to have plenty to moan about. That has been taken away from them and they have had difficulty

adapting to Wycombe being a success. I wonder whether they would be happy if we won every game this season ten nil and thrashed Man Utd in the FA cup final. You can guarantee they would still complain about "the manner in which we won" or "why

couldn't we do it last year?" Well it's their loss. Me, I'm going to enjoy being a rarity, a happy fan of a successful club. I would just like to leave you with a letter sent to the Bucks Free Press by Bernard Hand. Is this man a grade A tosser or not? I'll let you decide.

I'm glad O'Neill is leaving Blues

THANK goodness - Martin O'Neill has gone from Wycombe Wanderers. I, and I'm sure a great many other Wanderers' supporters, must be delighted that O'Neill has left Adams Park.

OK, under O'Neill Wycombe have managed to gain promotion to Division Two, but where was the progress last season?

A number of the performances last season were simply not good enough - and I hold

O'Neill personally responsible for the club not getting into the play-offs.

The club has been desperate for a new manager with new ideas for many months - now at last that can happen.

I for one desperately hope Mr Beeks appoints a man with Buckinghamshire blood coursing through his veins. The club needs a man at the helm who knows the county and knows the people.

It appears to me O'Neill had no real knowledge of this county, and too often he made decisions no Buckinghamshire man would have.

I would hope that someone

who is steeped in the traditions of local football will be appointed as the new Wanderers' boss.

As for O'Neill - well, perhaps Norwich will accept his odd tactical decisions and poor transfer deals. I feel we're well rid of him.

Come on Mr Beeks, remember the history of Buckinghamshire and let's see a local man in charge of this local club.

Bernard Hand

Anton Way

Stoke Mandeville

Aylesbury

MOMENTS IN TIME

Simon Garner's professional debut 1927



twenty seven

ADVERSE ADVERT

With the first home game of the season bringing in new faces, new kit's and new yet slightly different packaged tea, it sprang to my attention the programme was also new and improved. The articles and photo's seemed a little more relevant although advertising still playing a big and I accept important part. However something I can't accept is being treated like a numbskull.



Reading the catchline for the new Wycombe District Council ad I had to fight to keep down my tea (something we can all relate to) as the biggest slice of printed hogwash glared at me from the page.

It's fair to say the club has to take money off an advertiser when it generates revenue needed. Still, how surprised I was to see that WWFC had allowed this ad to run. Below the catchline was a good deal of dribble explaining the standard and amount of sports facilities in the WDC area. The trype I continued to read had surely been written by a drafted in estate agent used to elaborating a mediocre product with oversize entrance halls and 'Good Off Street Parking' (not such luck with that one at Adams Park).

Fair enough I use the astro turf at Handy Cross as do many budding McGavin's. I have also been known to strip to the waist for a dip but this is not the sole reason of amazement. WDC has over the years seemed to be THE MOST FAIR WEATHERED SUPPORTER to the club. Great at organising street parades for a cup winning teams, great for mentioning loyalties to a team who still has no added training pitch and no added car park for the thousands of WDC contributors to use while watching a team still waiting for the final "yes" on the new stand. Below the WDC ad are some more ads from the series of Codswallop Advertising. The council should take into account at a home game 6,000 people will visit WWFC, more I would guess than go swimming play 5-a-side or tennis. WWFC should be a priority, not a new advertising campaign.

WHO WAS THE MINER'S GREATEST ADMIRER

MARGARET THATCHER



WHO'S INXS'S BIGGEST FAN

SIR BOB GELDOF



WHO ARE ENGLAND'S FAVOURITE LIGHT ENTERTAINERS



CHAZ 'N' DAVE

